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CHILD LIFE

IN TALE AND FABLE

A SECOND READER

BY

ETTA AUSTIN BLAISDELL McDonald
SUPERVISOR OF SCHOOLS, BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS
AND
MARY FRANCES BLAISDELL

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PREFACE

A TASTE for good reading is an essential part of an education. To develop this taste, while helping the child to learn to read, this book has been prepared.

It is important, in the beginning, that the child should like what he reads, and that the lessons should not be so difficult as to mar his pleasure in reading. For this reason great care has been taken to make attractive lessons, within the child's ability to read and understand.

The stories, as the name of the book suggests, have been carefully selected from the legends, tales, and fables, which, by their genuineness and truth to life, have come to form a literature for children. The longer selections have been divided into parts of sufficient length for one lesson. By doing this it has been possible to introduce versions and adaptations of tales of real classical value.

The more difficult words are placed at the head of the lessons, and are marked for pronunciation. A key to these marks is given and should be carefully studied.

The poems are selected from well-known authors. It is hoped that many of them will be learned by heart.

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā	*as in*	māde
ă	"	răt
ȧ	"	ȧsk
ä	"	fär
â	"	âll
ã	"	cãre
a̤	"	a̤bove
ē	*as in*	mē
ĕ	"	lĕt
ẽ	"	hẽr
e̤	"	hundre̤d
ī	*as in*	rīde
ĭ	"	pĭn
ĩ	"	fĩr
ȳ	"	flȳ
y̆	"	prettY̆
ō	*as in*	ōld
ŏ	"	ŏn
ȯ	"	lȯve
ö	"	möve
ô	"	fôr
o̤	"	parlo̤r
ū	*as in*	ūse
ŭ	"	cŭp
ṳ	"	fṳll
o͞o	*as in*	bo͞ot
o͝o	"	fo͝ot
ç	*as in*	miçe
n̲	"	ban̲k
g̊	"	cag̊e
s̲	"	eyes̲

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CHILD LIFE IN TALE AND FABLE

A SECOND READER

SILVER LOCKS

I

b¢ăr	bēcâu̯s¢	bēfōr¢	dō¢r
¢nōw	bŭttĕrflȳ	once	flew

ONCE there was a little girl named Silver Locks.

She was called Silver Locks because the sun made her hair look like silver.

One day this little girl went to the woods to pick flowers.

She saw a beautiful butterfly and ran through the woods, trying to catch it.

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At last she came to a little house in the woods which she had never seen before.

Who do you think lived in this house?

Silver Locks did not know, but I will tell you. It was the home of three bears.

Papa Bear was a very big bear.

Mamma Bear was a middle-sized bear.

Baby Bear was a very little bear.

Papa and Mamma Bear had taken Baby Bear for a long walk before dinner.

They had left the door open, so Silver Locks went into the house.

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II

IN THE BEAR'S HOUSE

kĭ/chĕn	tāstĕd	bō/wl	stā/rs
pŏrrĭ/dg/	pärlo͝r	brōk/	jŭst

Silver Locks went into the kitchen. There she found three bowls of porridge on the table.

There was a big bowl for the big bear, a middle-sized bowl for the middle-sized bear, and a little bowl for the little bear.

She tasted the porridge in the big bowl and it was too hot.

She tasted the porridge in the middle-sized bowl and it was too cold.

The porridge in the little bowl was just right, and she ate every bit.

Then the little girl went into the parlor and there she found three chairs.

There was a big chair for the big bear, a middle-sized chair for the middle-sized bear, and a little chair for the little bear.

She sat in the big chair and it was too high for her.

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She sat in the middle-sized chair and it was too wide for her.

The little chair was just right, but when she sat in it she broke it.

Down went the little chair, and down went Silver Locks!

Then Silver Locks went up-stairs and there she found three beds.

There was a big bed for the big bear, a middle-sized bed for the middle-sized bear, and a little bed for the little bear.

She tried the big bed and found it too soft.

She tried the middle-sized bed and found it too hard.

The little bed was just right, and she soon fell fast asleep.

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III

THE THREE BEARS

hŭngrў	pi͡ēçĕs̱	ēa͡tɸn
growlɸd	crīɸd	pīpɸd

Silver Locks lay sleeping in the little bed.

Once she laughed in her sleep. That was when she dreamed of breaking the little chair.

At noon the three bears came home. They were hungry and went to the kitchen to get their porridge.

The big bear looked in his bowl and growled, "SOME ONE HAS BEEN TASTING MY POR-RIDGE."

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The middle-sized bear looked in her bowl and cried, "SOME ONE HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE."

"SOME ONE HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE, AND HAS EATEN EVERY BIT," piped the little bear.

Then the three bears went into the parlor.

The big bear growled, "SOME ONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR."

The middle-sized bear cried, "SOME ONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR."

"SOMÉ ONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR, AND HAS BROKEN IT TO PIECES," piped the poor little bear, and he began to cry.

Now they felt sure that there was some one in the house. They growled and looked everywhere down-stairs.

Then the three bears went up-stairs.

"SOME ONE HAS BEEN SLEEPING IN MY BED," growled the big bear.

"SOME ONE HAS BEEN SLEEPING IN MY BED," cried the middle-sized bear.

"SOME ONE HAS BEEN SLEEPING IN MY BED," piped the little bear, "AND HERE SHE IS! OH, HERE SHE IS!"

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And he opened his mouth and pointed at Silver Locks.

Just then Silver Locks waked up and saw the three bears looking at her.

She was afraid when she saw the little bear. But how frightened she was when she saw the two big bears with him!

She slipped off the other side of the bed and ran across the room. Then she made one jump through the open window.

She fell upon the grass and rolled over and over.

When she jumped up she saw the three bears looking out and growling at her.

Away she ran, through the woods and home again, as fast as she could go.

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THE BOY WHO CRIED "WOLF"

flŏ¢k	work	thôu̸g̸ht	kĭll¢d
pȧstūr¢	bă¢k	laughed	lärġ¢

Once a little boy was sent to take care of a large flock of sheep.

His father said, "If a wolf comes to the

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pasture you must cry, 'Wolf! wolf!' Then the men who are working in the field will come and drive him away."

For many days no wolf came.

One day the little boy thought that he would have some fun. So he cried to the men, "Wolf! wolf!"

"Where? where?" cried the men, as they ran to the pasture.

The boy laughed and said, "There is no wolf. I called to you for fun."

The men went back to their work. They did not like the boy's fun.

Two or three times the boy called the men to the pasture. Each time the men ran to drive away the wolf and found no wolf there.

At last, one day, a wolf came to the pasture.

"Help! help! A wolf! a wolf!" cried the boy.

This time the men did not run to help him. They said, "He is in fun."

The wolf killed one of the sheep and carried it to his den.

The boy never called to the men in fun again.

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A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

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A BOY'S SONG

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TOM THUMB

I

Mĕrlĭn	woman	thŭmb	brown
mīght	wīfe	rĕst	brĕad

MANY, many years ago there lived a man named Merlin.

One night Merlin went to the house of a poor farmer. He had been walking all day, and was tired and hungry.

He asked the farmer if he might come in and rest.

The good man and his wife were very kind to Merlin. They gave him some milk and some brown bread, and let him stay with them all night.

In the morning Merlin said to the farmer's wife, "Why do you look so sad? You have a good home. I should think that you would be happy."

"Ah me!" said the poor woman. "I have no children. I wish I had a little boy. If I had

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one no bigger than your thumb I should be happy."

Merlin laughed. He thought that a boy no bigger than his thumb would be very funny.

He ate the bread and milk the good woman gave him and went away.

On his way home he went to see his friend the Queen of the Fairies.

He told her about the farmer and his wife and asked her to give them a son no bigger than a man's thumb.

II

fā᷉rĭ᷉ẹ̄s	shīrt	spīdẽr	ācôrn
lātẽr	cōa̍t	skĭn	thĭsa̍lḛ

Ten years later Merlin went again to the farmer's house.

The farmer and his wife were very happy.

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They had a son, but he was no bigger than his father's thumb.

The farmer's wife told Merlin how their little son was named and dressed.

One morning the Queen of the Fairies came in at the window and kissed him. "You shall be called Tom Thumb," she said.

Then seven little fairies flew into the room and dressed the baby.

They made him a shirt of a spider's web, and a coat of thistle-down.

For a cap they gave him an acorn-cup. His shoes they made of a mouse's skin.

Then each fairy gave Tom Thumb a kiss and flew out of the window.

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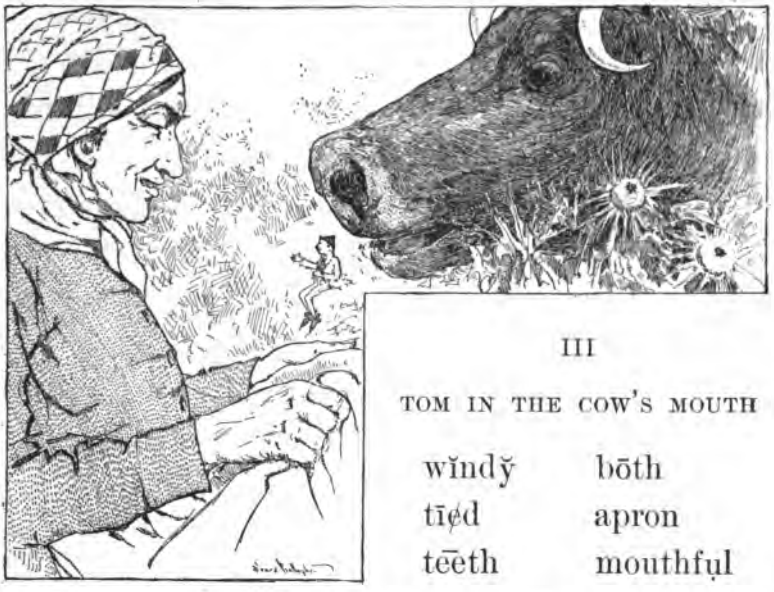

III

TOM IN THE COW'S MOUTH

wĭndў	bōth
tīȩd	apron
tēēth	mouthfụl

Tom never grew bigger than his father's thumb.

One day Tom's mother went to the meadow to milk the cow.

She took her little boy with her. It was a very windy day, so she tied him to a thistle.

The cow saw the thistle, but she did not see Tom Thumb. She took them both up in one mouthful.

When Tom saw the cow's big teeth, be began to cry, "Mother! Mother!"

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"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" cried his mother.

"Here, Mother, here, in the red cow's mouth!"

Then the poor woman began to cry, too. She thought that the cow would eat her little boy.

Just then the cow opened her mouth, and let him drop out. His mother caught him in her apron, and ran home with him.

IV

TOM IN THE HORSE'S EAR

rēȧchȩd	reins	blăȩkbĕrrў	ą̣lōnȩ
frīg̱hṯȩnȩd	ēȧr	măttẽr	glăd

Tom's father was going to work in the field one morning.

Tom wished to help him, and said, "I will go with you and drive the horse home."

His father laughed at the thought.

"How can you drive a horse?" he said. "You are so little you cannot hold the reins."

"Oh," said Tom, "I will sit in the horse's ear and tell him which way he is to go."

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When they reached the field, Tom's father put him in the horse's ear, and went to his work.

Some men saw the horse and thought he was running away, so they ran after him.

"Yeo hup! yeo hup!" cried Tom, and the horse ran so fast that the men could not catch him.

Tom's mother was frightened when she saw the horse come home alone. She ran out to see what was the matter.

"Mother! Mother! Take me down!" she heard Tom cry. "I am in the horse's ear. I sat here to tell him which way to go."

Tom's mother was very glad that her little boy could help his father.

She took him out of the horse's ear and gave him half of a blackberry for his dinner.

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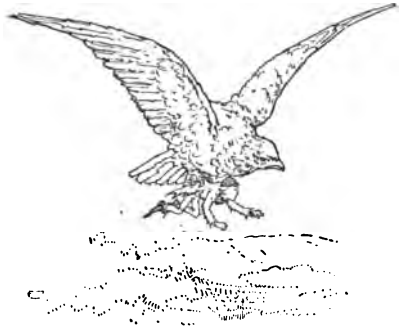
V

TOM IN THE FISH

strâw	swâllōwed	câught
whĭp	King Arthur	cŏŏk



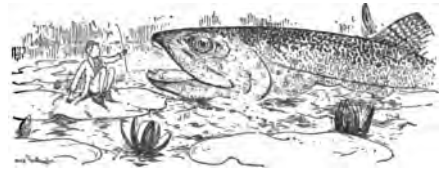
Not long after this Tom's father gave him a whip made of a straw.

It was funny to see Tom drive the cows to the pasture with his little whip.

One day when he was driving the cows home, he fell into a hole in the ground.

A bird saw the straw whip and thought that she would use it to build her nest. So she picked up Tom and his whip and flew away with them.

As the bird was flying over a river, she dropped Tom into the water.



A big fish saw the little boy and swallowed him in one mouthful.

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Soon a man caught the fish. It was such a big one that he sent it as a present to King Arthur.

The cook took the fish to bake it for the King's dinner.

When the fish was opened, out jumped Tom Thumb.

The cook put the little boy into a dish and sent him up to the King.

How the King and Queen laughed when they saw what was in the dish!

"Was not this a dainty dish
To set before the King?"

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VI

SIR TOM THUMB

clōthȩs	Sīr	nēēdlȩ	cōȧch
swȳōrd	ķnīgȟt	sāvȩd	drâwn

King Arthur liked Tom Thumb very much.

When he went for a ride he often took the little boy in his hand.

If it began to rain Tom used to creep into the King's pocket. There he would sleep till the rain was over.

The clothes that the fairies gave Tom Thumb were old and torn.

King Arthur gave him some new clothes.

Now his shirt was made of a butterfly's wings. His boots were made of a chicken's skin.

He had a sword and a horse, too, which the good King gave him.

The horse was a little white mouse, and the sword was a needle. Tom was very proud of his horse and sword.

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Then King Arthur said to him, "You shall be one of my knights. I will call you Sir Tom Thumb."

You should have seen the little knight riding on his horse.

One day the King and his knights were riding in the country.

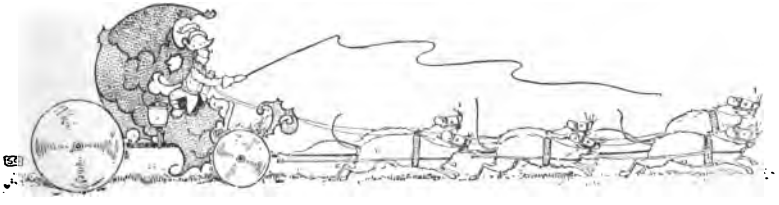
As they passed a farm-house a big, black cat jumped out.

He caught Tom and his horse, and began to eat the poor, little mouse.

Sir Tom took his sword and tried to drive away the cat.

The King's men came up just then. They saved Tom, but his horse was dead.

After that King Arthur gave Sir Tom Thumb a coach drawn by six small mice.



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DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the Night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

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THE STORY OF CHICKEN LITTLE

WHEN Chicken Little was in the woods one day, an acorn fell on her head.

She thought that the sky had fallen, so she ran to tell the King.

On the way she met Henny Penny. "Where are you going, Chicken Little?" asked Henny Penny.

"The sky has fallen, and I am going to tell the King."

"I will go with you, if I may," said Henny Penny; and away they both ran.

Soon they met Cocky Locky. "Where are you going, Henny Penny?" asked Cocky Locky.

"The sky has fallen, and I am going with Chicken Little to tell the King."

"I will go with you, if I may," said Cocky Locky; and they all ran down the road.

When they came to the pond they saw Ducky

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Lucky. "Where are you going, Cocky Locky?" asked Ducky Lucky.

"The sky has fallen, and we are going to tell the King."

"I will go with you, if I may," said Ducky Lucky; and away they went.

Next they met Goosey Loosey. "Where are you going, Ducky Lucky?" asked Goosey Loosey.

"The sky has fallen, and we are going to tell the King."

"I will go with you, if I may," said Goosey Loosey. "Let us run fast."

At the top of the hill they met Turkey Lurkey. "Where are you going, Goosey Loosey?" asked Turkey Lurkey.

"The sky has fallen, and we are going to tell the King."

"I will go with you, if I may," said Turkey Lurkey; and they all ran down the hill.

Foxy Loxy heard them coming, and ran out to meet them. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"The sky has fallen, and we are going to tell the King," they cried.

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"Come with me, and I will show you the way," said Foxy Loxy.

So Foxy Loxy led Chicken Little, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey and Turkey Lurkey across the field and through the woods.

He led them straight into his den, and they never saw the King to tell him that the sky had fallen.

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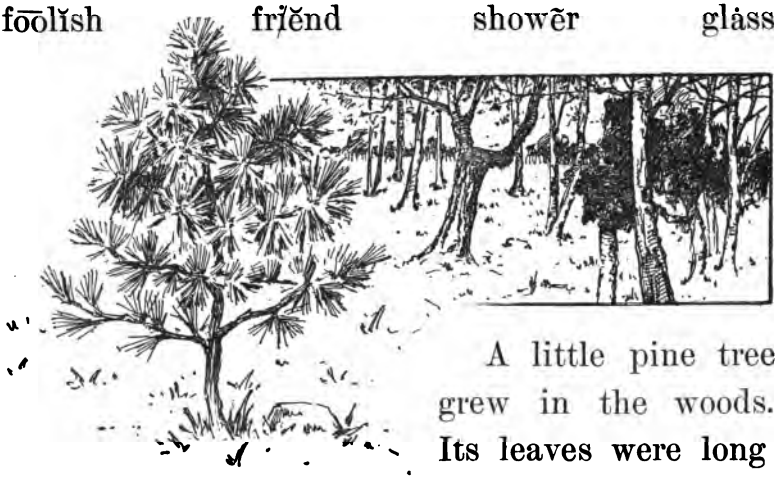
THE LITTLE PINE TREE

I

brȧnchĕs	spärklẹ̊d	shĭvẽrẹ̊d	gōld
fo͞olĭsh	frĭ́ĕnd	showẽr	glȧss



A little pine tree grew in the woods. Its leaves were long green needles.

The little tree did not like the long needles. "I wish that I had beautiful leaves," it thought. "I do not care for leaves like the other trees. If I could have my wish I would have leaves of shining gold."

Night came and the little tree went to sleep. In the morning it had leaves of gold. "How beautiful I am!" it thought. "How my leaves

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shine in the sun! Now I shall always be happy."

Foolish little pine tree! It was not happy long.

In the night a man came to the woods with a bag. He picked off all the leaves and took them home with him.

Then the poor little tree had no leaves. "What shall I do?" it cried. "I will not wish for gold leaves again."

"How pretty glass leaves would look! They would shine in the sun, but the man would not take them. I wish that I could have leaves of glass."

II

When the sun peeped over the hill it looked at the little pine tree. All the trees looked at it, too.

How beautiful it was! It had glass leaves now, and they sparkled in the bright sunshine.

The little tree was happy all the morning. Then black clouds hid the sun and the rain came down. The tree shivered in the wind.

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When the shower was over there were no glass leaves to sparkle in the sunshine. The wind had broken every one, and they lay on the ground under the bare branches.

"I will not wish again to be better than my friends," cried the pine tree.

"If I had big green leaves like theirs, I should be happy."

III

Then the tree went to sleep. When it waked in the morning it looked like the other trees.

But the big leaves looked so good that a goat ate every one for his dinner.

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"Alas!" cried the little tree. "A man took my leaves of gold. The wind broke my leaves of glass. A goat ate my green leaves.

"I wish that I had my long, green needles again."

The next morning the birds flew to the little tree. They were very happy to see it covered with long needles.

"Now we can build our nests here," they said.

"Yes," said the tree. "I will hide your nests with my needles, and in the winter I will make a warm home for you.

"Gold leaves, glass leaves, or green leaves are not so good as needles for a little pine tree."

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RED RIDING HOOD

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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

I

chēēks	kīnd	grănd'mŏthẽr	sure
a.gō	hŏŏd	kĭss¢d	därk

Long ago, in a country far away, there lived a little girl who was very good and kind.

When this little girl was five years old her grandmother made a red hood for her.

Her cheeks were as red as roses. When she wore the red hood she looked so pretty that every one called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said to her, "I have made some cakes and a pot of butter for your grandmother. Do you think that you can go alone and take them to her?"

"Oh yes, Mamma," said Little Red Riding Hood. "I know the way to Grandma's house."

She put the cakes and butter in her basket.

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Then she put on her red hood and kissed her mother.

"Good-by, Little Red Riding Hood," said her mother. "Be a good girl. Do not stop to play with the children and do not stay long with Grandma. Be sure to come home before it is dark."

II

THE WOLF

rōa̧d	wo͝od-cu̇ttẽrs̱	nēa̧r	swēēt
a̧lông	cãre̸fu̇llў	wolf	o̊thẽr

Little Red Riding Hood went along the road singing.

She was very happy because she was going to see her grandmother.

She carried the basket carefully and did not stop to play with the children.

Just as the little girl came to the woods she met a wolf.

She looked so sweet that the wolf wished to eat her, but he was afraid of the wood-cutters who were working near by.

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"Good morning, little girl," said the wolf. "Where are you going this beautiful morning?"

"I am going to see my grandmother," said Little Red Riding Hood. "I have some cakes and a pot of butter for her."

"Where does your grandmother live?"

"She lives in a white house on the other side of the woods," said the child.

"I will go to see your grandmother, too," said the wolf. "I will go this way and you may go that. Let us see who will be there first."

Then the wolf ran away as fast as he could go, and Little Red Riding Hood walked on through the woods.

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III

THE GRANDMOTHER

knŏckĕd	hĭmsĕlf	nīghtcăp	brôught
sound	voice	blanket	bĕttĕr

When the wolf came to the white house on the other side of the woods, he knocked on the door.

No one came to open the door, so he opened it himself and walked into the house. He looked in all the rooms.

The grandmother was not at home.

"Now," thought the wolf, "I can catch Little Red Riding Hood."

So he put the grandmother's nightcap on his head. Then he lay down on her bed and covered himself with her blanket.

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Soon he heard some one knocking on the door, tap, tap, tap.

"Who is there?" cried the wolf, trying to make his voice sound like the grandmother's.

His voice was so hoarse that Little Red Riding Hood said to herself, "Poor Grandmother is very ill. She must have a bad cold."

"It is I, Little Red Riding Hood," she said. "I have come to see how you are."

"Come in," said the wolf. "I am glad to see you, my dear. What have you brought for me in your basket?"

"Mamma sent you some cakes and a pot of butter, Grandmother."

"Put them on the table and come here and give me a kiss, dear child."

Little Red Riding Hood went to the bed.

It was dark there, but she thought that her grandmother looked strange.

"What bright eyes you have, Grandmother!"

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"What long ears you have, Grandmother!"

"The better to hear you with, my dear."

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"What long arms you have, Grandmother!"

"The better to hug you with, my dear."

"What sharp teeth you have, Grandmother!"

"The better to eat you with, my dear," said the wolf, jumping out of the bed.

Just then the door opened and the grandmother came in with the wood-cutters.

The wolf tried to run out of the house, but the wood-cutters caught him just as he was going through the open door.

Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother took the child home to her mother.

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STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER!

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay,
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after:
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

—ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

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THE BOY AND THE RIVER.

bŭttĕr	bank	ą̇crôss	wȯndĕr
rĭvĕr	clouds	fôrĕvĕr	swĭftlў

A boy who lived in the country was sent to the town, one day, to sell some butter and eggs.

On his way he came to a river, and he lay down on the green bank to rest.

He watched the birds flying from tree to tree, and the clouds sailing across the blue sky.

Then he looked at the river. "How fast the water flows," he thought.

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"I wonder how long it will take for it to run by. I think I will wait and see."

The little boy sat on the bank all day.

At night the river was as full of water as it was in the morning.

When it began to grow dark, he picked up his basket and ran home.

"Where have you been, my child?" asked his mother. "Why have you not sold your butter and eggs?"

"When I was going to town I saw a beautiful river. The water was flowing so fast that I thought it would soon run by. I waited all day, but the river is still full of water."

"You will never sell your butter if you wait for that, my child," said his mother. "The water in the river flows swiftly on forever."

"I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

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LITTLE SUNSHINE

gōldɇn	nôrth	rāɣs	pēēpɇd
ɣrĭnklɇs	south	nĕvĕr	ŭndērstănd

ONCE there was a little girl named Elsa. She had a very old grandmother, with white hair, and wrinkles all over her face.

Elsa's father had a large house that stood on a hill.

Each day the sun peeped in at the south windows. It made everything look bright and beautiful.

The grandmother lived on the north side of the house. The sun never came to her room.

One day Elsa said to her father, "Why doesn't the sun peep into Grandma's room? I know she would like to have him."

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"The sun cannot look in at the north windows," said her father.

"Then let us turn the house around, Papa."

"It is much too large for that," said her father.

"Will Grandma never have any sunshine in her room?" asked Elsa.

"Of course not, my child, unless you can carry some to her."

After that Elsa tried and tried to think how she could carry the sunshine to her grandmother.

When she played in the fields she saw the grass and the flowers nodding their heads. The birds sang sweetly as they flew from tree to tree.

Everything seemed to say, "We love the sun. We love the bright, warm sun."

"Grandma would love it, too," thought the child. "I must take some to her."

When she was in the garden one morning she felt the sun's warm rays in her golden hair. Then she sat down and she saw them in her lap.

"I will take them in my dress," she thought, "and carry them to Grandma's room." So she jumped up and ran into the house.

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"Look, Grandma, look! I have some sunshine for you," she cried. And she opened her dress, but there was not a ray to be seen.

"It peeps out of your eyes, my child," said her grandmother, "and it shines in your sunny, golden hair. I do not need the sun when I have you with me."

Elsa did not understand how the sun could peep out of her eyes. But she was glad to make her dear grandmother happy.

Every morning she played in the garden. Then she ran to her grandmother's room to carry the sunshine in her eyes and hair.

The dear grandmother told her fairy stories until the little girl's eyes sparkled with joy.

Little children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

—ALICE CARY.

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WHAT THE MOON SAW

ăttĭc	shăggў	gŭn	spēȼk
dȧnçȼ	soldier	drŭm	märchȼd

"Let me tell you what I saw last night," the Moon said to me.

"The man who leads the dancing bear was eating his supper. The bear was tied to a tree near the house.

"Three little children were playing in the attic. I looked in at the window and watched them. They were having such a good time!

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"Tramp! Tramp! Some one was coming upstairs. Who could it be? The door opened and in came the bear, the big, shaggy bear.

"It was lonely in the yard, so he had come into the house. I saw it all," said the Moon.

"The children were afraid. They tried to hide and he found them, but he did not hurt them.

"'This must be a big dog,' they said, and they patted him with their soft hands.

"Then one of the boys took his drum and beat on it. The bear stood up and began to dance around the room. How the children laughed!

"The boys took their guns. They gave one to the bear and he held it up like a soldier.

"What a good playmate the children had found. Away they marched, one, two — one, two.

"Some one opened the door and came into the room. It was the children's mother. She was so frightened that she could not speak.

"'Look, Mother, look!' the children cried. 'We are playing soldier.'

"Just then the man came for his bear."

— Hans Christian Andersen (*Adapted*).

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THE CHILDREN IN THE MOON

pēȹplȹ	earth	shōȹldērṣ	låssĭȹ
lōnȹlў	bŭȹkĕt	trŏttĕd	spĕȹk

YOU have heard of the man in the moon.

Did you know that there are children in the moon?

The people who live far away across the sea tell a story about these children.

Long ago, they say, the man in the moon was lonely. Each night when he looked down to our earth he saw a little lad and lassie going to a well to fill their bucket with water.

They had a pole across their shoulders and the bucket swung from the pole.

They trotted along in the light that the moon-man gave them.

The little boy was so rosy, and the little

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girl was so pretty! The moon-man loved them and took them up into the sky.

He set them in the middle of his light, where his friends, the earth-people, might see them.

This was many years ago, but the children still live with the man in the moon.

They are as young and as beautiful as they were when they lived on the earth.

Your grandmother saw them when she was a little girl. You can see them now when the big, round moon is shining.

When you are old and your hair is white, the lad and lassie will still smile down upon you from the moon.

You can see these moon-babies if you look when the moon is big and bright. You will even see the pole across their shoulders. The little speck is the bucket swinging to and fro.

Sometimes they look like little clouds on the moon's face. Sometimes they will look to you like his kind mouth and his eyes.

Now the moon-man is happy. The pretty children will live with him always.

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THE CHILDREN IN THE MOON

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GOODY TWOSHOES

Märġērў	stŭdĭ∉d	sĕntĕnç∉	ôrdēr
ġĕntl∉mạn	lĕttēr̤	lĕss∅n	tē∡chēr

I

Goody Twoshoes was not her real name.

No; her real name was Margery.

Little Margery had no father and no mother. She was very poor, — so poor that she had only one old shoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith took her to live with them and they were very kind to her.

One day a kind gentleman gave Margery a pair of new shoes.

As soon as they were put on, she ran to Mrs. Smith. "Two shoes! See! Two shoes!" she cried.

She said this to every one she met. At last she was called Goody Twoshoes.

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Little Goody Twoshoes wished to learn to read.

The children let her take their books when they came home from school. Goody studied hard and soon she could read better than her playmates.

Then the little girl wished to teach the other poor children who could not go to school.

She found that she could spell every word with these letters: — a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

She needed some large letters and some small letters. She made ten sets of the small letters out of wood with her knife.

Then she made six of each of these large letters: — A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

II

GOODY TEACHES THE CHILDREN

Every day Little Goody Twoshoes took the letters in a basket and went to teach the children.

I went with her one morning.

The first house that we came to was Farmer

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Wilson's. Margery knocked at the door, — tap, tap, tap.

"Who is there?"

"Little Goody Twoshoes," said Margery. "I have come to teach Billy."

"I am glad to see you, little Goody," said Mrs. Wilson. "Billy has learned all his lesson."

Then out came the little boy. Goody Twoshoes threw down the letters like this: —

b d f h k m o q s u w y z a c e g i l r p n t v x j.

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Billy picked them up and told their names. Then he put them in order like this: —

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

Then she threw down the large letters, like this: —

B D F H K M O Q S U W Y Z A C E G I L N P R T V X J.

Billy picked them up, and told their names. Then he put them in order like this: —

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

We went next to Farmer Simpson's house.

Sally was glad to see her teacher. "I have learned my lesson," she said.

Little Sally had learned to make words with the wooden letters. She made the words top, ball, cat, dog, lamb, cow, hen, and many more.

We went to many houses.

All the children had learned their lessons.

Some of them could tell the names of the

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letters and put them in order. Some of them could spell words. A few had learned to make sentences and read them.

Goody Twoshoes was a good little girl and a good little teacher.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long:
And so make life, death, and the vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

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WORK AND PLAY

clōvĕr	bŭzz	mĭll-whēēl	brĕȧst
hȯnȩy	busy	găthĕr	clēȧr

IT was a beautiful spring day.

The birds sang in the tree-tops. The fields were full of flowers. The daisies and buttercups looked at the bright sun. The butterflies and bees flew over the clover.

"Oh, dear!" sighed little Mabel. "I wish that I had a playmate."

Just then a bee flew down to the clover.

"Oh, little bee!" said Mabel. "I am glad to see you. Have you come to play with me?"

"Buzz, buzz!" said the bee. "I cannot stop to play. The clover is full of honey and I must gather it to-day."

Poor Mabel walked slowly down the road.

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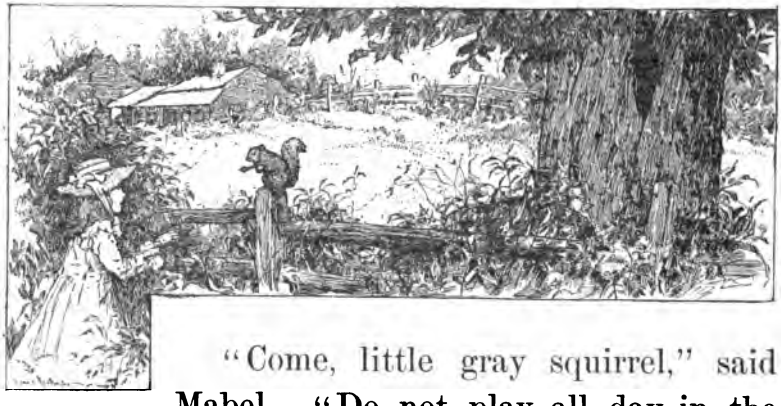
"Cheer up, cheer up!" sang a robin from her nest in the tree.

"Good morning, Mrs. Robin," said the child. "I will cheer up, if you will come and play with me. I asked the bee to come, but bees are always busy."

"I, too, am busy," said the robin. "There are four blue eggs in this nest. I must keep them warm under my soft breast. Ask the squirrel to play with you."



"Come, little gray squirrel," said Mabel. "Do not play all day in the trees. Come and play with me. I will give you a pretty cage for a home, and feed you with corn and nuts."

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"I am not playing, little girl," said the squirrel. "I am running to my home in the hollow tree. Don't you hear my babies calling me? I must feed them and teach them to run and jump."

Mabel ran to the brook in the meadow.

"Stop, stop, pretty water!" she cried. "I wish that you would stop and play with me. You have no work to do."

"Oh, yes, I have," said the brook. "I water the grass and flowers in the meadow. I make a home for the fishes. The cows drink the clear water and the ducks come here to swim.

"But I cannot stop to talk; I must run on and turn the mill-wheel."

Then Mabel ran home to her mother. "Dear Mamma," she said, "I should like to work. Please let me help you.

"I asked the bee, the robin, the squirrel and the brook to play with me. They were very busy, and they were happy with their work.

"I think that I should be happy, too, if I were as busy as a bee."

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GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night, good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed,
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night, good night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;

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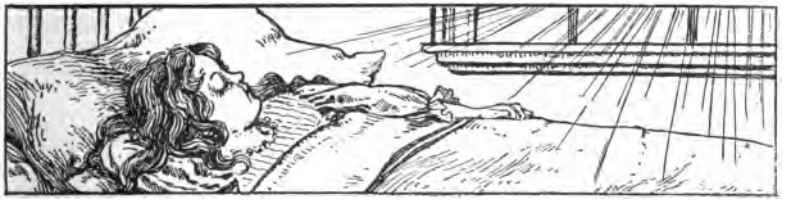
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night, good night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning, good morning! Our work is begun."

—Lord Houghton.



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THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN GOSLINGS

gŏs̱lings̱	thĭrstў	bākēr	sĭxth
scĭs̱s̱ọrs̱	rough	thrĕ∉d	sĕv∉nth

I

THERE was once an old goose who had seven young goslings, and she loved them very much.

One day she was going into the woods for some food.

"Dear children," she said, "do not open the door while I am away from home. If the wolf should get in, he would eat you. You may know him by his rough voice and his black paws."

"Dear mother," said the goslings, "we will be very careful. Do not be afraid. We will not let the old wolf get into our house."

The goose had not been gone long when some

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one knocked. "Open the door, my dear children. Your mother is here and has brought something for you."

The goslings knew the wolf's voice. "We will not open the door," they said. "You are not our mother. You have a rough voice."

So the wolf ran away, but he soon came back again. He knocked on the door and cried, in a sweet voice, "Open the door, my dear children. Your mother is here and has brought something for you."

The goslings saw the wolf's black paws on the window. "We will not open the door," they said. "You are not our mother. You have black feet."

Then the wolf ran to the baker and said, "I have hurt my foot. Give me some flour for it."

The baker was afraid of the wolf, so he gave him the flour at once.

Now the wolf ran to the house again. "Open the door, my dear children," he cried. "Your mother is here and has brought something for you."

"Show us your feet, first," said the goslings.

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The wolf put his paws on the window. When the goslings saw the white feet they thought it was their mother. They opened the door, and in came the wolf!

The poor goslings screamed and tried to hide.

One jumped under the table, another into the bed. The third flew into the oven, the fourth ran to the kitchen.

The fifth hopped into a box, the sixth went under the wash-tub. The seventh hid in the tall clock under the stairs.

The wolf found six of the goslings and ate them. The little one who hid in the clock he could not find.

Then he went out into the green meadow and lay down under a tree.

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II

Soon the old goose came home. Alas! What did she see! The door was open, and the table and chairs were upset.

She looked for her children, but she could not find them. She called their names, but they did not answer.

At last she heard a little voice crying, "Dear Mother, here I am, in the tall clock."

She pulled the gosling out and he told her how the wolf had come and eaten all the others.

How the poor mother wept for her dear children! At last she went out into the field and the gosling went with her.

When they came to the meadow they found the wolf fast asleep under the tree.

The goose walked around and around him. She thought something was moving inside him.

"Can it be," she thought, "that my dear children are still alive?"

She sent the little gosling to the house for a pair of scissors, a needle and thread.

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Then she began to cut open the wolf. She gave one snip and out came the head of a gosling.

She cut a little more and out jumped the six goslings. How happy they all were!

"Now," said the mother, "bring six stones."

The goslings ran to the brook and got the stones. They put them inside the wolf and the old goose sewed him up again.

When the wolf waked up he was very thirsty. So he went to the brook for a drink, but the stones were so heavy that he fell into the water.

The seven goslings heard the splash.

"The wolf is dead! The wolf is dead!" they cried. They danced for joy all round the brook, and their mother danced with them.

—Jacob and William Grimm (*Adapted*).

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THE LITTLE RED HEN

The little red hen was in the farm-yard with her chickens, when she found a grain of wheat.

"Who will plant this wheat?" she said.

"We won't," said the goose and the duck.

"I will, then," said the little red hen, and she planted the grain of wheat.

When the wheat was ripe, she said, "Who will take this wheat to the mill?"

"We won't," said the goose and the duck.

"I will, then," said the little red hen, and she took the wheat to the mill.

When she brought the flour home, she said, "Who will make some bread with this flour?"

"We won't," said the goose and the duck.

"I will, then," said the little red hen.

When the bread was baked, she said, "Who will eat this bread?"

"We will," said the goose and the duck.

"No, you won't," said the little red hen. "I shall eat it myself. Cluck! cluck!" And she called her chickens to help her.

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BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote many poems for children.

You will find three of them in this book. They are "Bed in Summer," "Farewell to the Farm," and "My Shadow."

In many of his poems he tells what he thought and did when he was a child.

Do you remember the poem called "At the Seaside"? When Mr. Stevenson was a little boy he liked to dig holes in the sand and watch the sea fill the holes with water.

All of his poems for children are in a little book called "A Child's Garden of Verses."

In one of these poems he says: —

"As from the house your mother sees
You playing round the garden trees,
So you may see, if you will look
Through the windows of this book,
Another child, far, far away
And in another garden, play."

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THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE CITY MOUSE

nĭbble̊d	mountā̊i̊nṣ	dīning-rŏŏm	fruit
enough	chēēṣe̊	frīg̊ht̊ne̊d	sāfe̊tў

ONE day a City Mouse went to visit his friend in the country.

The Country Mouse was very glad to see his old friend. He took him for a walk in the fields and then gave him the best dinner that he could find.

He was afraid that there was not enough for two, so he nibbled an ear of corn. His friend had some green peas, a bit of new cheese and a ripe, red apple.

After the City Mouse had eaten all the dinner, he said, "How can you live in the country, my friend? You can see nothing here but woods

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and rivers, meadows and mountains. You must be very tired of hearing nothing but the birds' songs.

"Come with me to the city. There you can live in a beautiful house and have good things for dinner every day.

"When you have lived in the city a week you will forget that you ever lived in the country."

So the two mice set off for the city. They reached the home of the City Mouse in the night.

"You must be hungry after your long walk," said the City Mouse to his friend. "We will have some dinner at once."

So they went to the dining-room and the City Mouse found some cake and fruit. "Help yourself," he said. "There is enough for both of us."

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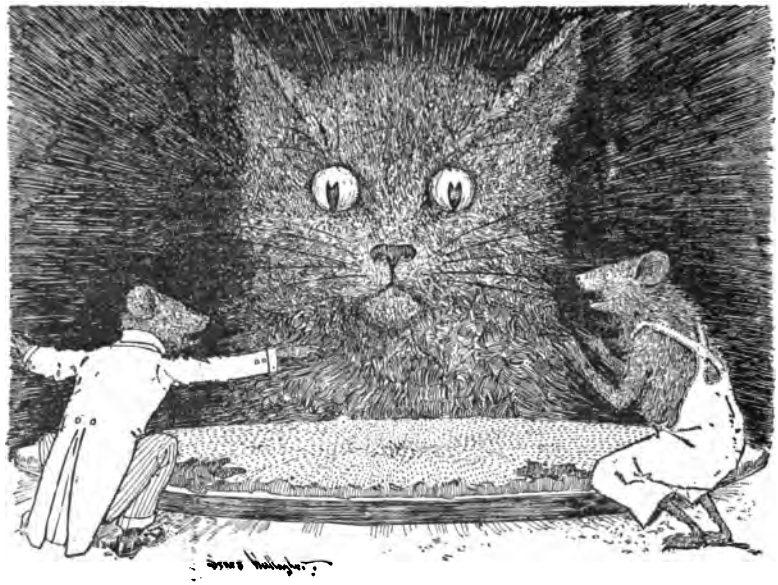
"This is a very good dinner," said the Country Mouse. "How rich you are, my friend!"

Just then the door opened and in came a dog.

The mice jumped off the table and ran into a hole in the floor. The poor little Country Mouse was so frightened!



"Do not be afraid," said his friend. "The dog cannot come in here."

Then the mice went to the kitchen. They found an apple-pie on the shelf, and were helping

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themselves to a piece of it when they saw two bright eyes watching them.

"The cat! The cat!" cried the City Mouse, and the mice ran through a hole in the wall as fast as they could go.

When the Country Mouse could speak, he said, "Good-by, my friend. You may live in the city with the dogs and cats. I like my home in the country.

"The birds sing to me while I eat my corn and apples. The cats watch you while you eat your cake and pie.

"I like my corn in safety better than your cake in fear."

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HIAWATHA

Hĭą̄wâthą̄	wĭgwâm	fīr¢flī¢s̱	hĕą́v¢n
Nōkōmĭs	fŏrĕst	hōōting	owls̱

Hiawatha was a little Indian boy.

He had no father and no mother.

He lived with his grandmother, Nokomis.

Hiawatha's home was a wigwam. It stood on the sea-shore. Behind it was a dark forest where the little boy liked to play.

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Hiawatha liked to hear the wind in the pine trees and the waves on the sea-shore.

He liked to watch the moon rise above the water, and to hear the owls hooting and laughing in the forest.

"What is that, Nokomis?" he asked, when he saw the rainbow in the sky.

"That is the heaven of the flowers," said the good Nokomis. "When the flowers die on our earth they blossom in their heaven. All the wild flowers are in that heaven above us."

On summer evenings Hiawatha sat by the wigwam. He watched the fireflies flying over the grass and lighting up the bushes.

Nokomis taught him a song to sing to the fireflies. As he watched them he sang: —

"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

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HIAWATHA'S CHICKENS

spring	lē/arn¢d	whĕnĕvĕr	sēcrĕts
South	language	tâ/k¢d	prŏmĭs¢d

In the summer Hiawatha played in the forest.

He liked to watch the birds flying from tree to tree, and to hear them sing and talk to each other. He saw them build their nests and teach their little ones to fly.

Soon Hiawatha learned to call the birds by their names when he saw them in the trees.

He learned their language, and talked with them whenever he saw them.

Then the birds told the Indian boy their secrets. They told him where they built their nests, and showed him their eggs and little ones.

They told him about the warm South, where they lived in the winter.

When they flew away they promised to come back again, and he watched for them in the bright spring days.

He called the birds "Hiawatha's Chickens."

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HIAWATHA'S CHICKENS

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HIAWATHA'S BROTHERS

ănĭmąlz	răbbĭt	brō̇thērz	lŏd͡ǧĕz
bē͡ȧvērz	reindeer	tĭmĭd	hŏllōw

Hiawatha saw the animals working and playing in the forest.

He heard them talking to each other, and soon he learned their language.

They told him their names and their secrets.

The beavers showed him their lodges by the river. They told him how they made these homes of twigs and mud.

As the squirrels played in the trees they talked with the little Indian. They showed him their nests in the pine trees and told him about their winter homes.

Hiawatha helped them gather acorns and saw them hide the nuts in the hollow trees.

The beautiful reindeer ran swiftly through the forest. The timid rabbits hid in the bushes.

Hiawatha talked with all the animals. He called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

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HIAWATHA'S BROTHERS

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Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote the poem of Hiawatha. It is a very long poem and tells the story of Hiawatha's life.

The part of the poem which you have read tells about the childhood of the Indian.

Mr. Longfellow was very fond of children and wrote many poems which they like to read. One of these is "The Children's Hour."

His poem, "Evangeline," is the one that most people know best.

Mr. Longfellow was one of America's most famous poets.

Who wrote the poem of "Hiawatha"?
Who was Hiawatha?
What was his grandmother's name?
What did Hiawatha do on summer evenings?
Who were "Hiawatha's Chickens"?
Who were "Hiawatha's Brothers"?
What did the birds tell the little boy?
What did the squirrels tell him?
What other poems did Longfellow write?

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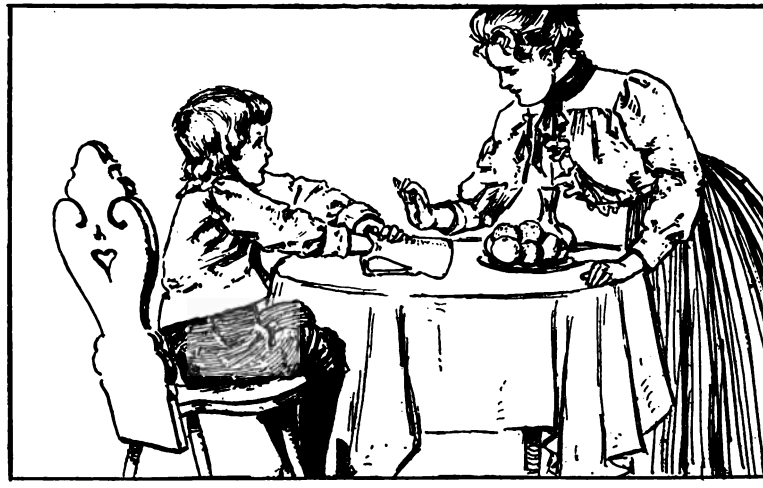
THE BOY AND THE NUTS



pĭt͡chĕr nĕ¢k hĕld found
gr̊aspe¢d again hăndfu̥l bēgăn

A little boy once found a pitcher of nuts on the table.

"I should like some of those nuts," he thought. "I am sure Mamma would give them to me if she were here.

"I like nuts so much that I will take a big handful."

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So he put his hand into the pitcher and grasped as many nuts as he could hold.

When he tried to draw out the handful of nuts he found that the neck of the pitcher was too small. His hand was held fast, but he did not wish to drop the nuts.

He tried again and again, but he could not take out the handful of nuts. At last he began to cry.

Just then his mother came into the room. "What is the matter, my child?" she said. "Why do you cry?"

"I cannot take this handful of nuts out of the pitcher," said the boy.

"If you take out two or three nuts at a time," said his mother, "you will soon have a handful."

"How easy it is," said the boy, when he had filled his pockets. "I might have thought of that myself."

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SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

I

ĕd̨ġ̨	frȯnt	kĕttl̨	brŭsh̨d
ôf‡̨n	dwârf	stēa̧l	fur

ONCE upon a time a poor woman lived in a little house at the edge of a forest.

In front of the house there was a garden. In the garden there were two rose-bushes. One bush had white roses, the other had red roses.

The woman had two little girls who were like the rose-bushes. She called them Snow-white and Rose-red.

Rose-red liked to play in the meadow and look for butterflies and flowers.

Snow-white liked to stay at home and help her mother.

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The two children often went to the fields to gather red berries. The little rabbits ate leaves out of their hands, and the birds sang their sweetest songs to them.

In the summer Rose-red picked the red roses and the white roses and gave them to her mother.

In the winter Snow-white lighted the fire and hung the kettle on the hook.

One night, as they sat by the fire, some one knocked at the door. "Run, Rose-red, and open the door," said the mother. "Some one wishes to come in."

When the little girl opened the door, there stood a big, black bear.

"Do not be frightened," said the bear. "I will not hurt you. I should like to come in and warm myself by your fire."

"You poor bear," said the mother. "Lie down by the fire, but be careful not to burn your fur."

Then Snow-white and Rose-red brushed the snow from the bear's fur. Soon they became good friends and the bear let the children play with him.

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When bedtime came, the mother said to the bear, "You may lie there by the fire, to-night, and keep yourself dry and warm."

In the morning Snow-white opened the door.

"Come back to-night," she said, as the bear trotted over the snow into the forest.

After that the bear came to the house every evening. He lay down by the fire and let the children play with him as much as they wished. They grew very fond of him.

When spring came, the bear said to Snow-white, "Now I must go away, and I cannot come back until winter."

"Where are you going, dear bear?" asked Snow-white.

"I must go into the forest and take care of my gold," said the bear. "In winter the dwarfs cannot work. Now that the sun is warm they will steal my gold and carry it to their home in the mountains."

Snow-white and Rose-red were lonely without their friend, the bear. They often wished that he would come back and play with them.

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II

bē∕ard	ăngrў	prĭnçe	bēsīd∕
yärd	drĕss∕d	chānġ∕d	bēhīnd

One day the two little girls went to the forest for some wood.

They saw a tree lying on the ground. Something was jumping up and down beside it.

As they came near the tree they saw a dwarf. He had a snow-white beard a yard long. The end of it was caught in the tree.

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"Come quick and help me!" he cried.

The children pulled and pulled, but they could not pull the beard out of the tree.

Then Snow-white took a pair of scissors out of her pocket and cut off the end of the beard.

The little dwarf did not stop to say "Thank you." He took a bag of gold that was hanging on the roots of the tree, and went away.

Soon after Snow-white and Rose-red were going to the town. They heard a loud cry and ran to see what was the matter.

There sat the dwarf, screaming and crying. A big bird was flying around and around him.

"Look! look!" cried Rose-red. "That big bird will carry the dwarf away with him."

So the children caught hold of the little man and held him fast.

"See what you have done," cried he, when the bird flew away. "You have torn my coat."

When the children were coming home they saw the dwarf again. He was sitting on a rock, counting his gold.

When he saw them he looked very angry.

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Just then their old friend, the bear, came trotting out of the wood. He struck the dwarf to the ground with his great paw.

Then the bear's skin fell off and a young man dressed in gold stood beside them.

"I am a king's son," he said, "and all this gold is mine. The dwarf changed me into a bear and stole my gold. Now that he is dead I am a prince again."

Then they all went home to the little house in the woods. Every year the rose-bushes bear most beautiful roses, one white and the other red.

—JACOB AND WILLIAM GRIMM (*Adapted*).

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SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

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THE LARK AND HER LITTLE ONES

mĕa̍dōw	spĕc̸klc̸d	grāi̍n	cø̆u̱si̍nu̱
ĕmptў	sprĕa̍d	hē̆a̍rd	lärk

I

ONE spring a lark built her nest in a field of grain.

She laid five speckled eggs in the nest. Soon there were five little larks to be fed.

The mother bird flew about all day, looking for food for her babies. They grew very fast, and the grain grew fast, too.

It was ripe and ready to be cut, but the larks were not strong enough to fly.

One morning the mother bird was going to the meadow to find some food for her little ones.

Before she went she said, "The farmer may come to this field to-day.

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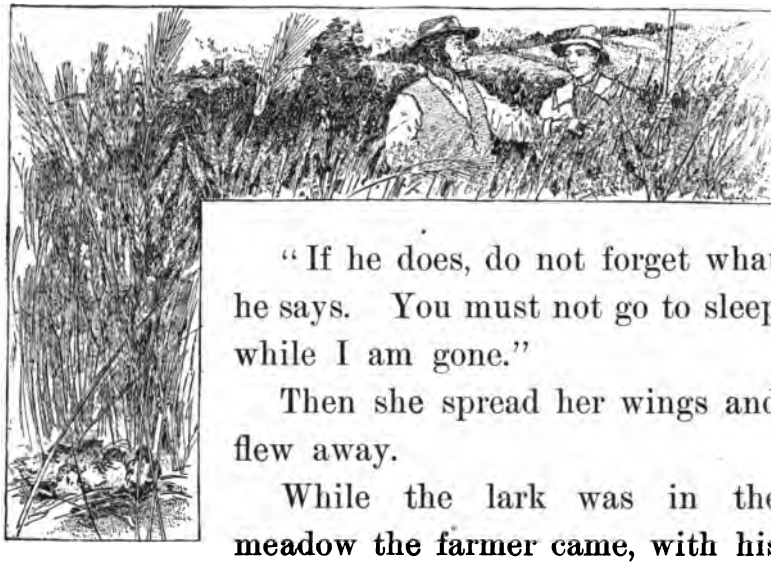

"If he does, do not forget what he says. You must not go to sleep while I am gone."

Then she spread her wings and flew away.

While the lark was in the meadow the farmer came, with his son, to look at the grain.

"This grain is ripe," he said. "It must be cut to-morrow. We will ask our friends to come and help us."

When the lark came home, the little ones cried, "Oh, Mother! Mother! The farmer came while you were away. He is going to cut the grain to-morrow.

"He says that he will ask his friends to help him. What shall we do? What shall we do? We are not strong enough to fly."

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"Do not be afraid, children. The farmer's friends will not come to help him. We need not fly away to-day."

II

The next day the farmer and his son came again to the field. The little larks heard him say, "This grain must be cut.

"Where are our friends? We asked them to help us. Why are they not here? We will ask our cousins to help us to-morrow."

Soon the lark came home.

"Oh, Mother! Mother!" cried the young ones. "We must fly away now. The farmer says that he will ask his cousins to help him cut this ripe grain."

"Do not be afraid," said the mother bird. "We do not need to fly away. The farmer's friends did not come to-day. His cousins will not come to-morrow."

The farmer and his son came to the field in the morning. They waited and waited, but the cousins did not come.

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At last the farmer could wait no longer.

"My son," he said, "this grain must be cut. To-morrow I will cut it myself, and you may help me."

"Oh, Mother! Mother!" cried the young larks. "We must fly away now. The farmer is coming in the morning to do the work himself."

"Yes," said the mother bird. "We must fly away now. The grain will be cut to-morrow. Come with me to the meadow."

The little larks spread their wings and flew away from their nest in the field of grain.

The next morning when the farmer cut the grain he found the empty nest on the ground.

The lark and her little ones sang their morning song in the sunny meadow.

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FAREWELL TO THE FARM

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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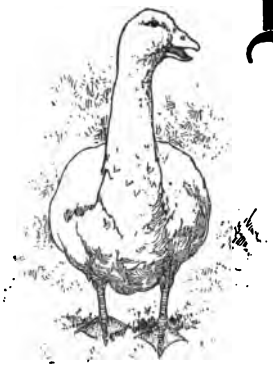
THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGGS

gēēs¢	hănd¢sǫm¢	ĭnsīd¢	mȧss
slōẇlў	gōld¢n	märkĕt	rĭch



THERE was once a man who had a goose.

This goose was not like the geese on your grandfather's farm.

She was a very handsome goose, and every day she laid a big, golden egg.

The man sold the eggs at the market. He saved the money and was slowly getting rich.

One day he said to himself, "I wish that I were rich now.

"Every day my goose lays a golden egg. She must have a mass of gold inside of her. If she has not, how can she lay golden eggs?

"If I could have all the gold at once I should be very rich."

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So the man killed his goose and tried to find the gold.

Alas! There was no gold to be found. His goose was like all other geese. But now he had killed her, and he would have no more golden eggs to sell at the market.

The foolish man had lost the good that he had, without getting the riches which he wished.

Haste makes waste.

Little and often fill the purse.

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THE SUN, THE MOON AND THE WIND

thŭndēr	wĕa̸thēr	sĕlfĭsh	lĭving
līg̸ht̸ning	pŭnĭsh̸d	ĕnjoy̸d	sĭlvēr

In a country far away the sun is always hot. The wind, too, is hot and dry, but the moon is cool and beautiful.

Listen to a story that is told to the children in this hot country.

One day the Sun, the Moon and the Wind went out to dine. They went to the home of their uncle and aunt, Thunder and Lightning.

Their mother was one of the stars that you see far up in the sky. She did not go to the

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dinner. She stayed at home and watched for her children.

The Sun and the Wind were very selfish. They enjoyed the dinner, but they did not think of taking anything home to their mother.

While the Moon was eating her dinner, she thought of her dear mother at home. She saved many of the good things and put them into her beautiful, silver horn.

Their good mother had watched for her children all night with her bright little eye.

When they came home she said, "What have you brought for me, my dear children?"

"I have brought nothing for you," said the Sun. "I went to enjoy myself with my friends."

And the Wind said, "I went to enjoy myself, too. I have brought nothing home to you."

But the Moon said, "Bring a plate, Mother. I saved all these good things for your dinner."

Then the Star said to the Sun, "You went to the dinner to enjoy yourself with your friends. You did not think of your mother at home. You must be punished.

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"Your rays shall be hot and shall burn all that they touch. When men see you they shall cover their heads, and they shall hate you."

And that is why the Sun is hot.

Then she said to the Wind, "You, too, must be punished because you forgot your mother.

"You shall blow in the hot weather. You shall dry up and burn all living things. From this time men shall hate you."

And that is why the Wind is hot and dry.

But the Star said to the Moon, "My child, you did not forget me. You shall always be cool and bright. Men shall love you and shall watch for your light."

And that is why the Moon's light is cool and beautiful to this day.

THE CHILD AND THE PIPER

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me,

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"Pipe a song about a lamb;"
So I piped with merry cheer;
"Piper, pipe that song again,"
So I piped, he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer."
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

— WILLIAM BLAKE.

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THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

slĭppērs	bŭndl℄	another	sō℄l
quĭ¢klў	pĕnnў	clôth	gĕntl℄
âlmōst	côrnĕr	rō℄st	cōldĕr
mă℄chĕs	brī¢h℄tlў	stŭff℄d	hăppĭĕr

I

IT was very, very cold. The snow was falling fast, and it was almost dark. It was the last night of the year.

On this cold night a poor little girl was walking in the streets alone. She had no hat on her head and her feet were bare.

When she left home she had a pair of slippers. They were her mother's, and they were too big for her little feet.

She lost them when she ran quickly across the street to get out of the way of two carriages.

In her apron were some matches, and she carried one bundle of them in her hand.

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No one had bought a match of her all day, and no one had given her a penny. She did not dare to go home without a penny.

The poor little girl was cold and hungry.

The snowflakes fell on her long curls, but she did not think of that.

She saw the bright lights in the houses, and there was a smell of roast goose.

"This is the last night of the year," she thought. "This is New Year's Eve."

The child sat down in a corner made by two houses.

It grew colder and colder, but she did not dare to go home. No one had bought a match, and no one had given her a penny.

Besides, it was as cold at home, for the wind and snow came in through the roof.

Her little hands were very cold, so she took a match and lighted it to warm them.

The match burned brightly. The child thought she was sitting before a warm stove.

She put out her feet to warm them, too. Just then out went the light, and the stove was gone.

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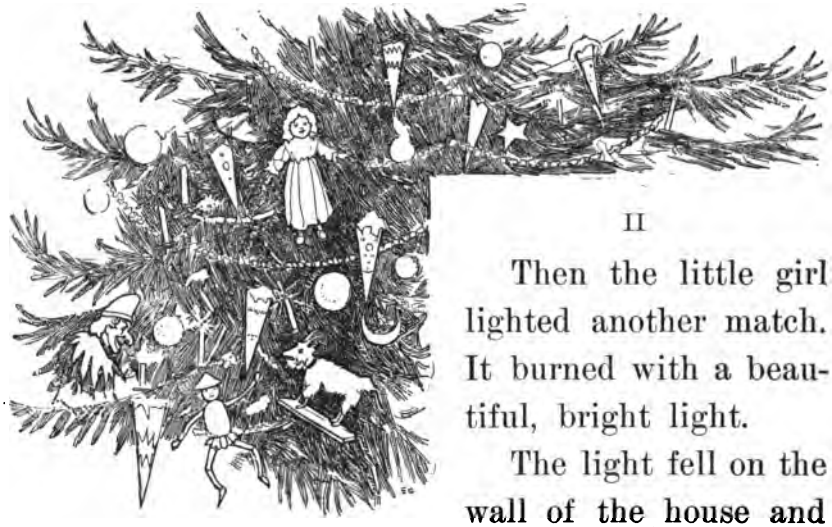

II

Then the little girl lighted another match. It burned with a beautiful, bright light.

The light fell on the wall of the house and she could see through it into a room. In the room was a table covered with a white cloth, and set with pretty dishes.

A roast goose, stuffed with apples and plums, was on one end of the table. As she looked, the goose jumped down and walked up to her.

Then the match burned out, and she saw only the wall of the house before her.

She lighted another match. Now she was sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree.

Many bright lights burned on the green branches, and pretty toys looked down at her.

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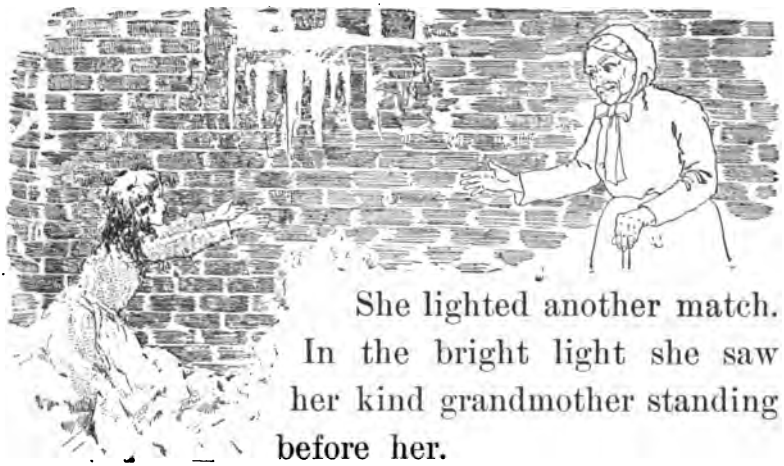
The child put out her hands for them. Out went the match!

The bright lights on the Christmas tree burned higher and higher. Now she saw that they were stars in the sky.

One of the stars fell and made a long line of fire. "Some one is dying," thought the child. Her grandmother had told her that when a star falls a soul goes to God.

She thought of her grandmother who had been so kind to her. Dear grandmother, she was dead now.



She lighted another match. In the bright light she saw her kind grandmother standing before her.

She looked gentle and loving, and happier than ever before.

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"Oh, Grandmother, take me with you," cried the little girl. "Do not leave me in the cold. Do not go like the warm fire in the stove, like the New Year's goose, and like the beautiful Christmas tree."

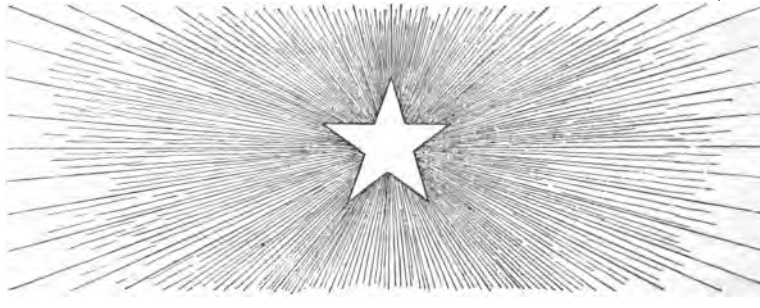
She lighted all the matches in the bundle, for she wished to keep her grandmother with her.

The matches burned with a light as bright as day. Her dear grandmother had never looked so beautiful and kind.

She took the little girl in her arms and they flew together, higher and higher into the light.

The dear child would never be cold or hungry again. She was with God.

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (*Adapted*).



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THE FOOLISH WEATHER-VANE

stēēpl¢	fĭshẽrmĕn	obey	bē¢ch
proud	wĕ¢thẽr-vān¢	stôrm	drown¢d

A COCK stood on the top of a tall steeple, but he did not crow.

He turned round and round, and looked down at the little boats on the sea.

Every morning, when the fishermen went down to the sea, they looked up at the cock.

"Which way does the wind blow?" they said, and the weather-vane told them.

If he pointed to the east, the men said, "We must not go to sea to-day." If he pointed to the west, they cried, "This is a good day to go fishing. Come, let us get the boats at once."

"The men do just as I tell them," thought the cock. This made him very proud.

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He was thinking of this one night, when the wind rushed by. "Point west!" it cried.

"Why should I point west?" thought the cock. "I have always done just as the wind told me. I shall do so no longer.

"I stand here to tell the men when to take out their boats. Why should I obey the wind?"

"Point west!" said the wind, "Point west!" But the weather-vane turned to the east.

The fishermen came down to the sea early in the morning. They took out their boats.

Just then one of the men cried, "It seems like a west wind, but look! the cock is pointing to the east. We must not go to sea."

So they stayed at home, but the sun was bright and no storm came up all day.

"What is the matter with the weather-vane?" they said. "We might have gone to sea, after all."

In the night the wind cried to the cock, "Point east! Point east! A storm is coming."

"No," said the cock, and he pointed to the west.

The fishermen came down to the beach in the morning, but only a few went out in their boats.

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"Why do not all the men obey me?" thought the proud weather-vane.

Soon a storm came up, and the boats were driven to the shore. The men would have been drowned if their friends had not helped them.

Now the proud cock was sad.

"I wish that I had obeyed the wind," said he. "After this, I will always do as I am told."

Foolish little weather-vane. The fishermen never looked at him again. They could not believe what he told them.

Now a new weather-vane stands on another steeple, and the men look at him every morning, for he always obeys the wind.

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MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.

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He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you
can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that
shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was
up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every but-
tercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-
head;
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast
asleep in bed.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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THE UGLY DUCKLING

dŭ¢kling	stă¢ks	splăsh	clŭ¢k
drēa¢m¢d	ŭglў	fŏllōw¢d	swâns
cră¢k¢d	fôrgĕt	yöursĕlf	shōn¢
bow¢d	bĭtt¢n	ŭndērstănd	shoutĕd

I

IT was beautiful out in the country.

It was summer. The cornfields were yellow and the oats were green. The hay was put up in stacks in the green meadows.

Yes, it was beautiful out in the country.

A duck sat on her nest under the bushes.

There were eggs in the nest, and she must hatch her young ones.

At last one eggshell cracked, and then another. "Peep! peep!" said the little ducks as they came out of the shells.

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They looked all around them under the green leaves. The mother let them look as much as they wished, for green is good for the eyes.

The mother duck stood up and looked at her ducklings. Then she looked in the nest. There lay the largest egg of all.

"How long must I sit here?" said the duck. "I am tired of it." But she sat down again.

"How are your ducklings?" asked an old duck who came to visit her.

"Look at them. Are they not the prettiest ducklings that you ever saw? They are all out but one. This egg will not crack."

"Let me see the egg," said the duck. "I think that it is a turkey's egg. Let it lie there, and teach your other children to swim."

"I think that I will sit on it a little longer," said the mother.

"As you please," said the old duck; and she went away.

At last the big egg cracked. "Peep! peep!" said the little one as he came out of the shell. He was very large and very ugly.

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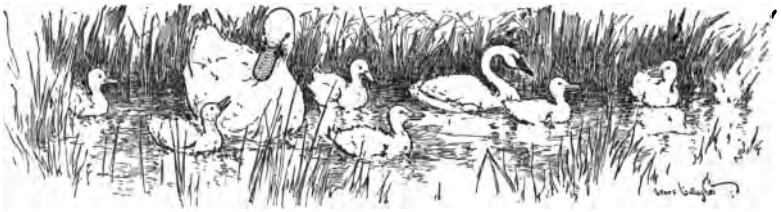
The mother looked at him. "He does not look like the others," said she. "Can he be a turkey? We shall see. He must go into the water if I have to push him in myself."

II



The next day was bright and sunny.

The mother duck went to the pond with her little ones. Splash! She jumped into the water. "Quack! quack!" she said, and all the ducklings followed her.

They swam about in the water. The ugly duckling swam with them.

"No, he is not a turkey," thought the mother. "How well he can swim! He is my own child."

"Quack! quack!" she said. "Come with me to the farmyard. Keep near me and do not let the cat catch you."

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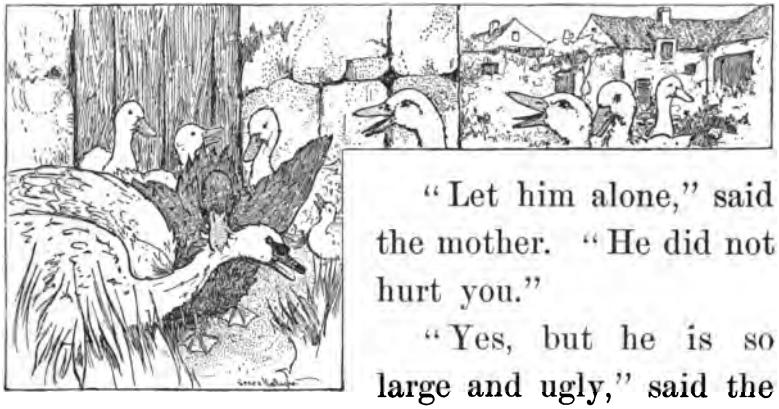
So they came to the farmyard, and all the other ducks looked at them.

"See that ugly duckling! We will not have him here," said one duck, and she flew up and bit him in the neck.



"Let him alone," said the mother. "He did not hurt you."

"Yes, but he is so large and ugly," said the duck who had bitten him.

"Your other children are very pretty," said the old duck. "Make yourself at home."

Now they were at home, but the duckling that came out of the big egg was bitten and laughed at by the ducks and chickens.

"He is too big," they said.

The poor duckling was sad because he looked so ugly. At last he ran and hid in the bushes.

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The little birds saw him and were afraid of him.

"That is because I am so ugly," he thought. So he shut his eyes and flew far away over the fields.

III

At night the duckling came to a little hut. The door was open, and he went into the room.

A poor woman lived in the hut with her cat and her hen.

In the morning when they saw the duckling, the cat began to purr and the hen began to cluck.

"What is this?" said the woman. She could not see well and she thought it was a fat duck.

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"Now," said she, "I shall have duck's eggs."

So the duckling lived in the hut three weeks, but no eggs came.

"Can you lay eggs?" asked the hen.

"No."

"Then do not talk to me," said the hen.

"Can you purr?" asked the cat.

"No."

"Then do not talk to me," said the cat.

At last one morning the duckling saw the sunshine and wished to swim on the water. He told this wish to the hen.

"What are you thinking of?" cried the hen. "You have nothing to do, that is why you think of such things. Purr, or lay eggs, and you will forget them."

"But it is such fun to swim," said the duckling. "I like to put my head into the water and dive to the bottom of the pond."

"Yes, it must be fun!" said the hen. "What are you thinking of? Ask the cat about it. Ask him if he likes to swim, or to dive into the water."

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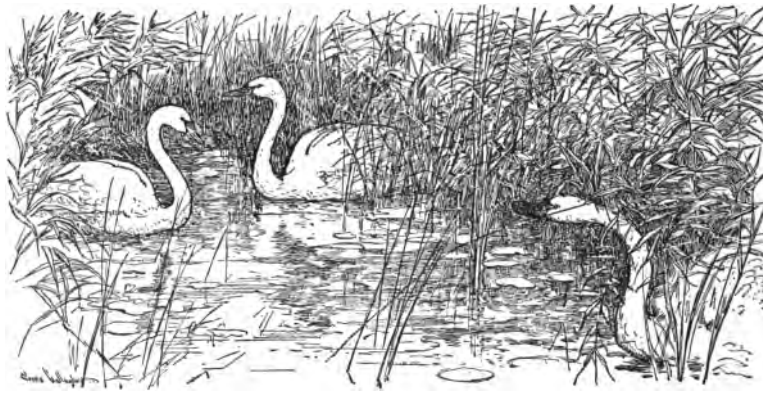
"You do not understand me," said the duckling. "I think that I will fly out into the world again."

"Yes, do go," said the hen.

The duckling flew away to the water. He swam and dived, but he was not happy. No one liked him because he was so ugly.

IV



Now came the autumn. The leaves in the forest turned yellow and brown. The wind played with them, and they danced over the ground.

One evening some beautiful birds came out of the bushes. They were as white as snow. They were swans.

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They flew high in the air and sailed away to the warm South.

The ugly duckling watched them. He did not know their names, but he loved them because they were so beautiful.

The winter was very, very cold. The poor duckling lived in the woods near the pond. He was often cold and hungry.

It would be too sad if I were to tell you how unhappy he was.

At last spring came. The warm sun shone and the birds began to sing.

Then all at once the duckling could flap his wings. He flew high in the air and far away over fields and meadows.

At last he came to a river in a beautiful garden. Three white swans were swimming on the water.

"I will fly to them," said the duckling, "and they will kill me because I am so ugly. But what of that! It is better to be killed by them, than to be bitten by the ducks and chickens in the farmyard."

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So he flew into the water and swam toward the beautiful swans. They looked at him and came sailing down the river.

"Kill me," said the poor duckling, and he bent his head upon the water.

But what was this that he saw in the water! It was his own image. He was not an ugly duckling now; he was a beautiful white swan.

Some children came into the garden and threw bread and corn into the water.

"There is a new swan," cried one of the little girls. The other children shouted, "Yes, a new one has come, and he is the most beautiful of all."

The old swans bowed their heads to him. Then the young swan hid his head under his wing, for he did not know what to do.

He had always been called ugly, and now he heard the children say that he was beautiful.

"I never dreamed of being so happy," he thought, "while I was an ugly duckling."

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (*Adapted*).

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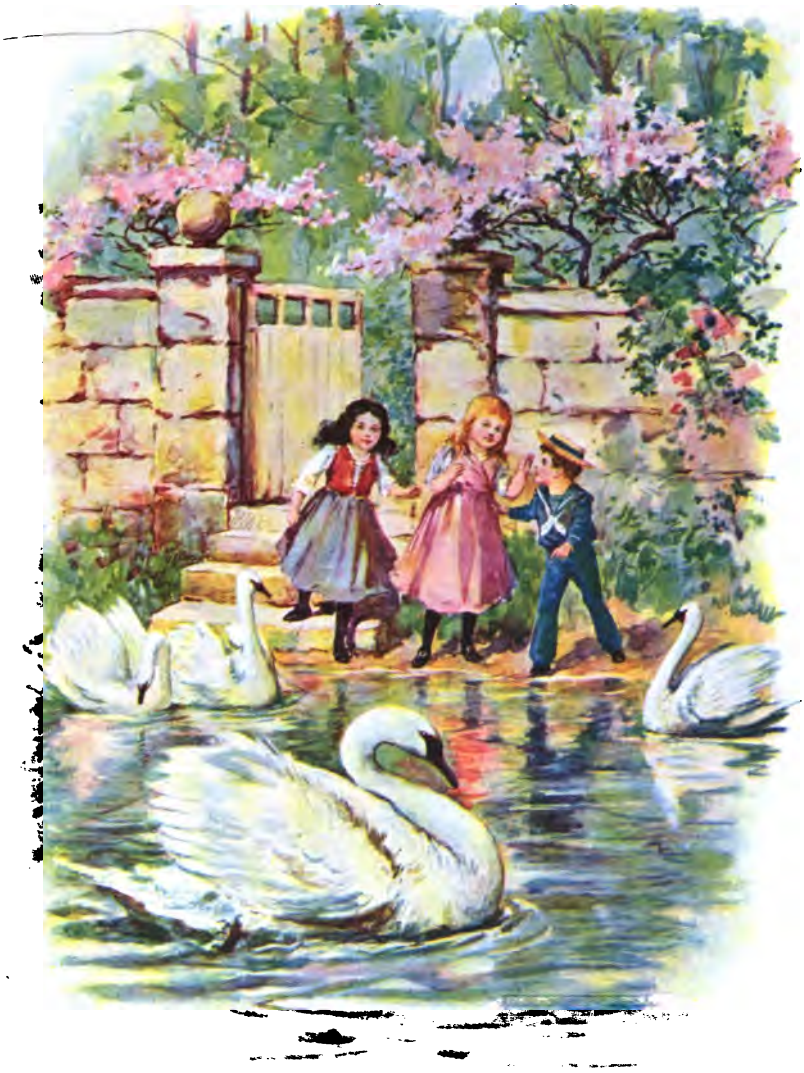

THE UGLY DUCKLING

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THE LOST DOLL

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

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I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away;
And her arm's trodden off by the cow, dears,
And her hair's not the least bit curled:
Yet for old time's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

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QUEEN BEE

I

cȧs‡l∕	thous.and	pē∕rl.s	lē∕v∕
fôrtūn∕	hŭndr.ed	ĕldĕst	stōn∕

MANY years ago a king's three sons went out to seek their fortune.

As they went along together they came to an ant-hill.

"Let us stir up the ants," said one of the brothers. "I like to see them hurry away with their eggs."

"No, do not touch them," said the youngest, whose name was Witling. "I will not let you hurt them."

Then they went on until they came to a pond. Some ducks were swimming on the water. The eldest brother wished to catch them and cook them.

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"No," said Witling. "Do not catch them. I will not let you kill them."

So the brothers walked on through the woods.

Soon they came to a tree in which there was a bees' nest. There was so much honey in the nest that it ran down the trunk of the tree.

"We will make a fire under the tree," said the eldest brother. "Then the bees will fly away and we can have the honey."

"Do not make a fire," said Witling. "I will not let you hurt the bees."

At last the three brothers came to a castle. They went in and looked in the rooms.

Everything in the castle was of stone. Even the horses in the stable had been turned to stone.

They found a large stone table. On the table were written three things that must be done to free three princesses who lay sleeping in one of the rooms.

First, some one must find a thousand pearls that lay under the moss in the woods.

If he did not find all the pearls in one day, at sunset he should be turned to stone.

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The eldest brother went into the woods and looked under the moss all day. He found only one hundred pearls, and at sunset he was turned to stone.

The second brother went out the next day to look for the pearls. He found only two hundred, and at night he, too, was turned to stone.

Poor Witling did not sleep well that night. He was very sad, for he loved his brothers. Then, too, he thought he should be turned to stone himself.

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II

kēy	ēa̤sy	neighed	stāble
môss	dīved	prĭnçĕss	kĭngdo̤m

Now it was Witling's turn, and he began to look under the moss.

While he was hunting for the pearls, up came the King of the Ants.

"Good morning, Witling," said the Ant King. "You saved our lives, now we will save yours."

So he called up five thousand ants.

They found the pearls and put them in a heap.

The second thing to do was to get the key of the princesses' room out of the lake.

When Witling came to the lake, the ducks swam to him. "We will help you," they said, "for you saved our lives."

Then they dived into the water and one of them brought up the key.

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The third thing to do was not so easy.

He must tell which of the three daughters of the King was the youngest and prettiest.

They were asleep, and they looked just alike.

Before they went to sleep the eldest had eaten some sugar, the second a little syrup, and the youngest a spoonful of honey.

How could Witling tell which one had eaten the honey?

As he stood looking at them, a bee flew into the room. It was the queen of the bees that had been saved by Witling.

Queen Bee flew to the lips of the youngest princess and began to sip the honey. Then he knew which one to choose.

Now the spell was broken. The King's daughters waked up, the horses neighed in the stables, and the two brothers ran into the castle to find Witling.

The King was very happy. He gave Witling half of his kingdom, and he ordered every one to be kind to the ants, the ducks and the bees.

—Jacob and William Grimm (*Adapted*).

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FIVE PEAS IN A POD

ąmūsȩ́	crăćk	ẇhōlȩ́	färthĕst
blŏssȩ́m	gărrĕt	world	Hĕávȩ́n

THERE were five peas in one pod. They were green and the pod was green, so they thought that the whole world was green.

The sun shone and the rain fell. The pod grew and the peas grew, too. As they grew larger and larger, they thought more and more of what they must do.

"Shall we stay here always?" said one. "I feel that there is something outside of this pod.

Weeks passed. The pod became yellow and the peas became yellow. "The whole world is turning yellow," they said.

Then they felt a pull at the pod. It was torn off and put into a pocket full of other pea-pods.

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"Now we shall be opened," they said.

"I wonder who will go the farthest," said the smallest pea.

"What is to be will be," said the largest. Crack! the pod opened and the five peas rolled into the sunshine.

There they lay in a little boy's hand. "They are just the peas for my pea-shooter," he said. He put one in and shot it far away from him.

"I am flying into the world," it said; "catch me if you can," and it was gone.

"I am flying to the sun," said the second pea.

"We shall go to sleep, wherever we go," said the next two, and away they rolled.

"What is to be will be," said the last, as he was shot out of the pea-shooter.

He flew into a crack under a garret window. There he was held fast in the soft moss.

In the garret lived a poor woman, who went away to work every day. She had a little daughter who was so ill that she had to stay in bed all the time.

One morning, when the sun peeped into the

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window, the child cried, "Look out of the window, Mother. What can that green thing be?"

The mother went to the window and opened it. "Oh!" she said, "that is a little pea. It has taken root in a crack and is putting out its green leaves.

"Here is a little garden to amuse you."

Then she moved the child's bed to the window and went away to her work.

"Mother, I think that I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening.

"The sun has been so bright to-day, and the little pea is growing very fast. I shall grow strong, too, and go out into the bright sunshine."

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"I hope so, my dear child," said the mother. So she took good care of the plant and it grew larger every day.

"Here is a flower coming," said the mother, one morning. Now she began to think that her little daughter would get well.

A week later the sick child sat up in the warm sunshine for a whole hour. The window was open, and just outside was the little plant with one pink blossom.

The child kissed the green leaves.

"Our Heavenly Father planted that pea," said the mother. "He has made it grow to be a joy to you and to me," and she smiled at the flower.

What became of the other peas? The one who said, "Catch me if you can," was eaten by a bird.

The second one, who wished to fly into the sun, fell into the water. The two lazy ones did not roll far. They, too, were eaten by the birds.

The child stood at the garret window with bright eyes and rosy cheeks. She folded her hands over the blossom and thanked Heaven for it.

—Hans Christian Andersen (*Adapted*).

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THE TOWN MUSICIANS

dȯnk¢y̆	ground	scrēa̸ming	stōv¢
mȧstēr	clīmb̸¢d	brāy̆¢d	h¢ärt
Brĕmĕn	rŏbbēr̨s	scrăt̸ch¢d	rō͞ostēr

I

A donkey, who was too old to work, heard his master say that he must be sold.

"I will not stay here to be sold," thought the donkey. "I will go to Bremen and play in the band."

He had not gone far when he saw a dog lying on the ground.

"Why do you lie there?" he asked.

"Oh!" said the dog, "I am too old to help my master. He says that I must be killed, so I have run away."

"Will you go with me?" said the donkey. "I am going to Bremen to play in the band. I will blow the horn and you can beat the drum."

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"Very well," said the dog, and they went on together.

They soon came to a cat, sitting in the road, and looking as sad as three wet days.

"Why are you sad?" asked the donkey.

"How can I be happy?" said the cat. "I am too old to catch mice, and I like to lie behind the stove and purr. My master says that I must be killed, so I have run away."

"Come with us to Bremen," said the donkey. "You often sing at night, so you can be in our band."

"With all my heart," said the cat, and they went on together.

After a long walk they came to a farm-yard. A rooster stood on the gate, crowing and screaming.

"Why are you screaming so?" asked the donkey.

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"I will tell you," said the rooster. "My master says that I must be cooked for the Sunday dinner. I do not wish to be killed, so I shall scream as long as I can."

"Listen," said the donkey. "Would you like to run away with us? We are going to Bremen. You have a good voice and can sing in our band."

"Thank you," said the rooster, and they all went on together.

II

At night they came to a forest.

"Let us stay here," said the donkey, and he lay down on the ground.

The dog lay down, too. The rooster flew to the top of a tree and the cat climbed to one of the branches.

Before they went to sleep the rooster saw a light in the forest.

He called to his friends and told them what he saw.

"It must come from a house," said the donkey. "Let us go on and see."

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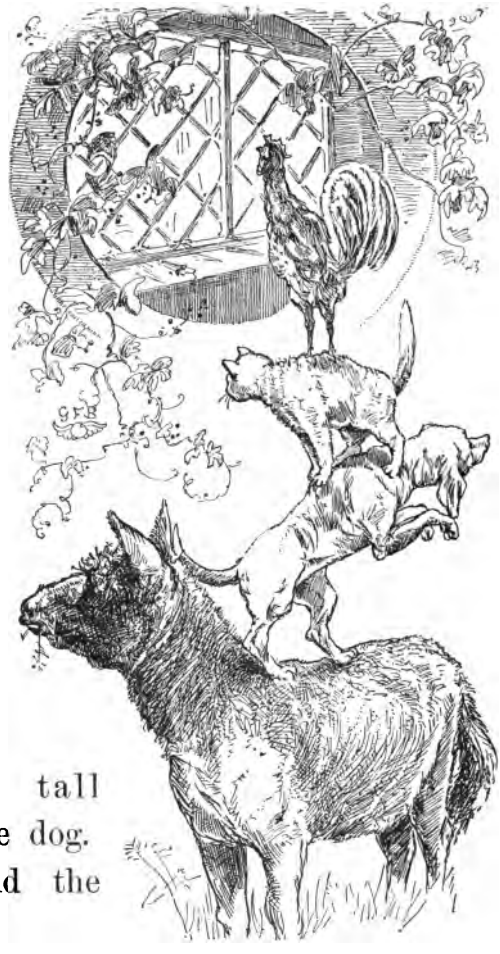
"Yes," said the dog. "I should like some meat or a good bone for my supper."

When they reached the house they saw that the light came from a very high window.

"How can we see into the room?" said the cat.

"I am not tall enough," said the dog.

"Nor I," said the donkey.



At last they thought of a plan.

The donkey stood under the window and the dog stood on his back. The cat climbed to the

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dog's back, and the rooster flew up and stood on the cat's head.

"What do you see?" asked the donkey.

"What do I see?" said the rooster. "I see four robbers sitting at a table. They have bread and meat, and many good things to eat."

"That ought to be our supper," said the dog.

"Yes! yes!" cried the cat. "I wish that we could get into the room. I am so hungry that I cannot go to sleep."

"We must drive the robbers away," said the rooster. "How can it be done?"

Then the four friends tried and tried to think of a plan.

At last the donkey said, "I know how we can frighten the robbers. When I count three make as much noise as you can. Now! One! Two! Three!"

What a noise they made! The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed and the rooster crowed.

The robbers jumped up from the table and ran into the woods as fast as they could go.

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III

The four friends went into the house and helped themselves to the food.

When they had eaten their supper they put out the light and went to bed.

The donkey lay down in the yard. The dog went behind the door. The cat curled up in front of the fire and the rooster flew to the back of a chair.

They were all very tired and they soon fell fast asleep.

In the middle of the night one of the robbers came back to the house. It was dark and still.

He went into the room to light a match.

The cat's eyes looked like balls of fire and he tried to scratch the match on them.

The cat did not like this, so she flew up and scratched his face. The robber was frightened and ran to the door.

The dog jumped out and bit him in the leg.

The donkey gave him a kick as he ran through the yard.

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The rooster cried out, "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

"I will never go near that house again," cried the robber, as he ran back to his friends.

"Nor I! Nor I!" they said, and they ran out of the woods as fast as they could go.

The donkey, the dog, the cat and the rooster liked their new home very much.

The last time that I heard of them they were still living in the little house in the woods.

JACOB AND WILLIAM GRIMM (*Adapted*).

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THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Hăm'ĕlĭn	wīṣ∕	Māy̰o̰r	dȧnçing
ą̇llow∕d	poiṣ∕n	f∫ērç∕	drown∕d
mūṣĭc	nōt∕s	clōṣ∕d	mȯn∕y̆

I

Hamelin is a little town in a country across the sea. Long ago a strange thing happened in Hamelin. A great many rats came into the town.

They were big, fierce rats. They killed the cats and dogs and bit the children. They ate the food on the tables. They ran up and down the streets in the daytime.

The Wise Men tried to think of a way to drive the rats out of the town. Cats and dogs could not do it, and the rats would not eat poison.

The Mayor said, "I wish I had a trap big and strong enough to catch the rats. I would give all my gold for it."

Just then a knock was heard at the door.

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"Come in," said the Mayor. The door opened and in came a very strange man.

He was tall and thin, with bright blue eyes and light hair. His long coat was half of yellow and half of red. No one had ever seen him before.

The strange man went up to the Mayor and said, "I can drive the rats out of the town."

"Who are you," cried the Wise Men, "and how can you do this thing?"

"I am called the Pied Piper. I cannot tell you what I shall do. If you will promise to give me a thousand pieces of gold I will soon show you."

"A thousand!" cried the Mayor. "I will give you five thousand."

Then the Pied Piper went into the street. He took a pipe from his long coat and began to play a merry tune.

Soon the rats came running from the houses.

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"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives."

The Piper walked slowly down the street, playing a merry tune, and the rats followed, dancing.

They thought the music was about good things to eat. They forgot everything else as they ran after the Piper.

When they came to the river every rat danced into the water and was drowned.

How happy the people were! They rang the bells and shouted for joy.

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II

Then the Pied Piper said to the Mayor, "Now, if you please, give me the thousand pieces of gold."

"A thousand pieces of gold!" cried the Mayor. "That is too much money. I will give you fifty."

"If you do not give me the money you will be sorry," said the strange man.

"You can do us no harm," said the Mayor. "The rats are dead. You cannot bring them back."

Then the Pied Piper went into the street again. He played a few sweet notes on his pipe.

At once the children came out of the houses.

"All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

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The Piper walked down the street and through the fields. When he reached the foot of the hill a door opened and he went in, still playing the beautiful tune.

All the children followed him and the door closed.

One little boy, who was lame, could not run as fast as the other children. When the Mayor and the Wise Men came running up, they found him crying.

"Why do you cry?" said the Mayor.

"I wished to go with the other children," he said. "When the man played on his pipe it told us about a beautiful land. The sun was shining and the birds were singing. The children played in the fields. They were never ill nor lame. I ran as fast as I could, but when I came the children were gone, and I could not find the door."

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The Mayor sent men north, south, east and west to find the Piper. He said, "Tell him that I will give him all the gold in the town if he will come back and bring the children with him."

The fathers and mothers of Hamelin waited and waited, but their little ones did not come back.

All this was long ago, but no one has ever seen the Piper or the little children since.

If you go to Hamelin the people will show you the hill and the river. You may walk down Pied Piper street, but you will hear no music.

No one is allowed to sing or play a tune on the street down which the children followed the Pied Piper to the land beyond the hills.

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SEVEN TIMES ONE

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better,
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright, ah bright, but your light is failing,
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?

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I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow;
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it,—
I will not steal it away;
I am old, you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day.

—JEAN INGELOW.

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KING MIDAS

treasure	sătĭsfīḙd	strānġẽr	ẇorth
world	pălāçḙ	brĕḁkfa̤st	crŭst
ȧnsẇẽrḙd	sprĭn̲klḙd	cŏffēe	sŏlĭd

I

ONCE upon a time there lived a very rich king, whose name was Midas.

King Midas had a little daughter. I do not know her name, so I will call her Marygold.

This King was very fond of gold. He loved it more than anything in the world.

When Marygold picked buttercups and dandelions, he used to say, "If these flowers were as golden as they look, I would pick them."

One day King Midas was in his treasure room counting his treasure. He looked up and saw a stranger in the room.

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"You are a rich man, friend Midas," said the stranger.

"Yes, I have some gold," answered Midas, "but it is not enough."

"What!" cried the stranger. "Are you not satisfied?"

Midas shook his head.

"What would satisfy you? What do you wish?"

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King Midas thought, and thought. At last he looked at the stranger and said, "I wish that everything that I touch may turn to gold."

"Are you sure that you would be satisfied then?"

"Yes," answered Midas. "I would ask for nothing more."

"It shall be as you wish," said the stranger. "To-morrow at sunrise you shall have the Golden Touch."

II.

When the sun peeped into the room, King Midas jumped out of bed.

He touched a chair. It turned to gold.

He touched the bed and the table, and they were changed to solid, shining gold.

He dressed himself, and all his clothes were gold.

Then King Midas went into his garden. "Now," he thought, "I can have the most beautiful garden in the world."

So he touched all the leaves and flowers, and they became shining gold.

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When the King had done this he was hungry, so he went to the palace for his breakfast.

He tried to drink some coffee. When he touched it with his lips it changed to gold. He touched the fish on his plate. It became a pretty gold fish and he could not eat it.

He took an egg. That, too, turned into gold. You would think it was laid by the golden goose, but King Midas is the only goose in this story.

Just then Marygold ran to her father and put her arms about his neck. "Good morning, dear Father," she said.

The King kissed his little daughter. "My dear, dear Marygold," he cried. But Marygold did not answer.

Alas! What had he done! His dear daughter, his sweet little Marygold, was changed to gold by his kiss.

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III

King Midas wept.

Now, at last, he did not care for gold.

His little daughter was dearer to him than all the gold in the world.

"How can I live without my dear Marygold?" he thought. "I would give all my money if my little girl could come back to me."

Then the stranger came again. "Well, friend Midas," he said, "how do you like the Golden Touch?"

"I am very unhappy," said Midas. "I know now that gold is not everything."

"Let us see," said the stranger. "Which do you think is worth more — the Golden Touch, or a cup of water?"

"A cup of water!" cried the King.

"The Golden Touch, or a crust of bread?"

"Give me a crust of bread," answered the King.

"The Golden Touch, or your dear little Marygold?"

"Oh, my child, my dear child!" cried Midas.

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"She is worth more than all the gold in the world."

"Go, then, to the river at the foot of your garden," said the stranger. "The water of the river will take away the Golden Touch.

"Fill this pitcher with the water and sprinkle everything you have touched."

King Midas ran through the garden and jumped into the river.

Then he filled the pitcher and ran back to the palace. He sprinkled the water over the golden child, and she became his own dear little laughing, dancing Marygold once more.

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NIGHT

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have ta'en delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

—William Blake.

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